

life could be a dream by iridescentpetrichor

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington, the rest of the party but they're barely in it

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-09

Updated: 2021-03-09

Packaged: 2022-04-01 18:09:12

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,051

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Hey,” Steve whispered without looking away from the screen. “How uh- how scary is this movie supposed to be?”

“Pretty scary.” You grin, biting back a laugh at the way Steve’s face fell.

life could be a dream

It was a quiet Friday night, the last gleams of sun streamed through the window of your bedroom as you laid back with a book in your hands. It was nice to finally relax after a long week of school, although most kids were probably partying the night away.

Suddenly, Dustin burst through the door, grinning when he saw you. He had that look on his face, on you knew all too well from your many nights escorting him to the Wheeler's house when your mom said no to driving him. "Can you drive me to Steve's house?"

You frowned, glancing at the clock. 8:47 pm. "Why are you going to Steve's house?"

"The party is having a movie night!" He explained, trying to rush you out of your room. You stopped to put your book down first, sighing to yourself. When Dustin had his mind set on something, he wasn't going to stop asking until you gave up and let him go to Steve's house.

"Okay, and since when was Steve Harrington part of your party?" You threw a hoodie over your t-shirt and shorts, heading to the front door.

"Since his parents are rarely home and he has the biggest TV out of all of us!" Without waiting for a response, he ran outside to get in your car.

Slipping on your shoes, you chuckled to yourself, following your excited brother outside.

The drive is quick – Steve's house was only a couple blocks away – but Dustin's leg never stopped bouncing. "Hurry up, we're already late!" He'd exclaim, which didn't make you drive any faster.

Pulling into the Harrington's driveway, you barely put your car in park by the time Dustin was throwing himself out to get to his friends. He sprinted up to the front door, knocking a couple of times.

You got out of your car as well, knowing your mom would kill you if you didn't tell her what time Dustin would be getting home. However, before you had the chance to ask, Dustin seemed to read your mind, calling out to you.

"I'll just spend the night, and then Steve can drive me home in the morning!"

"I can?" Steve opened the door, giving Dustin an amused expression. His eyes wandered, widening when he saw you standing there. "Y/N!" He ran over to you, taking your hands in his. You jumped, nearly pulling away from him. "Help me."

"What?" You looked behind him to see Dustin already gone, and the front door closed.

"These kids are little monsters, I'm telling you. You have to help me control them; they might actually listen to you!" He stepped closer to you, desperation evident in his eyes. "Please, Y/N, I can't do it by myself."

"Uh," you chuckle, not really sure how to respond. "Sure?"

He smiles brightly – the smile that you could get lost in, giving your hands a grateful squeeze. "Thank you."

You didn't have the opportunity to respond, because he was already pulling you inside his house. The noise hit you first, and you were starting to understand what Steve meant by little monsters.

Max and Mike were yelling, in a heated debate about something you couldn't make out. Lucas was trying to get Max's attention by showing off his aiming skill that was, admittedly, quite good. Every time Lucas would slingshot something across the room, El would wordlessly use her powers to return it to him. Dustin was in the middle of the group as if he'd been there for hours already, cracking jokes that he knew would make his friends laugh. Will was the only relatively well-behaved kid there, joining in the conversations and laughing at Dustin's jokes, but otherwise not causing a massive fuss.

Steve gave you a look, and you felt a laugh bubbling up in your

throat at how badly he was handling the kids. You turned your focus back to the room of children, raising your voice above the chaos.

“Okay!” In an instant, every head turned to yours. “What movie have we decided on?”

Dustin gave you a look, confused as to why you didn’t just go home, and then Max spoke up, thankful for a reason not to continue her argument with Mike. “The Shining.”

For a moment, you forgot the trauma all of you had dealt with and wondered if that movie would be too scary. You nodded, continuing on giving orders to prepare for the movie.

“Alright, Lucas and Mike are going to go with Steve to find blankets and pillows for everyone. Dustin, Max, and I are going to get snacks set up. Will and El, you’re going to set up the movie and move furniture around so there’s room on the floor for everyone to pile in together.” They all jumped up, Mike and Lucas racing each other up the stairs with Steve following way behind them. Max and Dustin stood in front of you, waiting to help. You smiled, ruffling Dustin’s hair for a moment before walking into the kitchen.

Max went to the fridge and Dustin went to the cupboard, grabbing anything they deemed worthy for movie night. You opened the cabinets, finding some bowls to hold enough snacks for two teenagers and six kids.

By the time you went back into the living room, the movie was paused at the beginning and there were piles of blankets and pillows strewn about the floor. You handed off bowls of snacks to some of the kids, before collapsing on the couch that El pushed to the back of the room next to Steve with a sigh.

“You are surprisingly good with them.” He says, smiling at how silent it was as Will pressed play on the movie.

“Comes with the territory of being an older sister.” You replied, reaching forward to grab a chip from the bowl Dustin was holding.

“Hey,” Steve whispered without looking away from the screen. “How

uh- how scary is this movie supposed to be?"

"Pretty scary." You grin, biting back a laugh at the way Steve's face fell.

You were quickly enthralled by the movie, and you were so focused that you didn't notice Dustin's disappearance from the room until a small crash from the hallway made you nearly jump out of your skin. It brought you back to reality, looking around the room before your eyes landed on Steve.

"Where's Dustin?" You whispered. He shrugged, not taking his eyes off the screen.

Since none of the kids seemed disturbed by the crash or the disappearance, you quietly got up and snuck out into the hall. Dustin was found standing over a shattered glass picture frame with a photo of a young Steve Harrington in a soccer uniform proudly holding a plastic first place trophy inside.

"Okay, step away from the glass." You instructed, barely acknowledging Steve walking up behind you to investigate.

"Sorry." Dustin mumbled to Steve, who quickly waved it off.

"Not a big deal, just some broken glass. I'll grab a broom and a dustpan; you can go watch the movie." With a nod, Dustin ran back into the living room. You stayed put, carefully picking the photograph out of the frame, and holding it up.

Steve comes back when you're eyeing the empty spot on the wall where the picture hung. You never took notice before, but now the wall looks too blank without the single picture to decorate it. He hands you the dustpan, and you duck down, keeping it steady on the ground as Steve sweeps the shards of glass into it.

Once the glass is cleaned and disposed of, Steve throws out the old picture frame. You still had the photo in your hand, well-kept from its time behind glass.

"Sorry Dustin broke it." You spoke up, cutting through the silence.

Steve shrugged. "Don't worry about it, my parents won't even notice it's gone." You know it's meant to reassure you, but you can't help the twinge of pain in your chest when he tells you that.

"It's a cute picture." You hold it up, so Steve can visibly see it now, too. He laughs, and you see him flush in embarrassment.

"Yeah, I felt like I was posing for hours." He glances at you, but you don't notice. "You can keep it if you want."

Your gaze snaps to him. "Seriously? You won't miss it?"

He shakes his head, his lips curling up in a smile. "Yeah, I mean I honestly forgot this thing was still hanging in the house."

Nodding, you pocket the picture, thanking him with a smile. You can't seem to tear your eyes away from him, and you could've sworn he was leaning in until-

"We should head back. If we miss too much of the movie, we might miss all the scary bits." He mutters, backing away from you.

You take a step back as well, forcing a quiet laugh. "Yeah, you wish."

He leads the way, and you silently follow him back into the living room. The only one that even notices you've left and come back was Dustin.

When the two of you sit back down on the couch, Steve sits closer to you than he did before you got up. His thigh brushes against yours, and you pretend it's not completely distracting.

At some point you noticed Steve move his arm around you. It was casual, something you probably would've considered entirely platonic if you didn't overthink every interaction with the boy due to your unfortunate crush. You scoot closer, trying to seem as casual as Steve seemed, leaning in just slightly without taking your eyes off the movie.

By the time the movie ended, all the kids were fast asleep. You weren't surprised to find that they weren't even close to afraid afterwards. Once you've experienced the things you and your friends

experienced, horror movies never seem to compare. Seeing the real things make the effects look horribly cheesy.

It was nice seeing them all so relaxed, though. While the events of last fall and the year prior had been over for months, you could tell the fear never fully left any of you. You saw it when you and Dustin couldn't be alone during a power out. You saw it when a loud noise made El snap to attention. You saw it when you opened Steve's trunk, and found the old nail bat still sitting there. You wished it didn't have to be this way, for the kids especially. They were so young, they needed to be able to be kids, so seeing them in a pile cuddling together made your heart warm.

"They're kinda cute when they're not raising hell." Steve's voice startled you out of your thoughts.

"Yeah, you would've never known they kill monsters if you saw them like that." He laughed, nodding. You turn to him, about to say something when the words die in your throat. He's a lot closer than you expected him to be, but this time, neither of you move to get away.

Steve's hand hesitantly reaches up, gently cupping your cheek. You catch his eyes flickering down to your lips, and your cheeks burn red. He leaned closer, not daring to close the gap between you.

When you feel like you're about to die from the anticipation of what he's about to do, he whispers, "can I kiss you?" His voice is barely audible, and you're glad you managed to hear him. As an answer to his question, you pressed your lips to his, hands finding their way around his neck. Your fingers idly rest on the nape of his neck, fiddling with his hair.

When you hear someone stirring awake, the two of you quickly pull away, turning to see Dustin slowly sitting up, trying to rub the sleep from his eyes. He searched the room, looking to you once he realized all his friends were still asleep. His brow furrowed, taking in both of your red faces and flustered expressions, and his eyes narrowed in suspicion. He glanced down, seeing the way Steve's hand had fallen to your knee, and look back up at you with a knowing glint in his eye, a mischievous smile forming on his face.

“So, what are you guys up to?”